The People's Press.

VOL. XVIII. SALEM, N. C., JUNE 24, 1870. NO. 24.

The People's Press.

PUBLISHED BY

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Terms:—Cash in advance.

One copy, one year,.....$2 00
" six months,.....1 00
" three months,..... 75

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POETRY.

The Old Garret.

I remember it well, that bare old room
In a homestead far away,
Where many a happy hour I've passed
On a rainy summer day.

In one corner stood the spinning-wheel,
Across it the band was laid;
I remember well, 'twas my childhood's dread,
Such a "terrible" noise it made.

Beside it the "little wheel," on which
My mother the linen spun;
At thoughts of her the tear drops start,
For her earthly work is done!

Some empty bottles lay under the eaves,
Whose mouths were gathering rust,
And a spider's web spun across a book,
Whose edges were covered with dust.

On the old dark roof were bags of herbs,
Some also hung by a string,
While out by the chimney were loops of corn,
And a mammoth turkey's wing.

I've sat in that old window seat,
And watching the driving rain,
Admiring the miniature rivers which
Ran down on the window-pane.

I've often taken my school-books there,
And studied my lessons o'er;
So quiet, a mouse would come out of his hole
And run lightly across the floor.

I wonder if I ever again will know
Any hours as happy as those—
When hopes were pure, and life was bright,
And never a cloud arose!

Select Miscellany.

A WINTER VIGIL.

In the winter of 186– it fell to my lot to investigate one of the most touching stories of a white man's endurance and an Indian's vengeance I ever came across in the whole Northwest. As some of the more curious portions of the official note book of an Indian agent I transcribe the memoranda relating to it:

Albert Black was an honest English gentleman, whose adventures in search of fortune led him away from Regent street to wander in Western worlds, and this is the way he "put through" a portion of the winter of that year. He was residing, with a single companion, in a little log cabin at the Indian village of Bella Coola, on the coast of British Columbia. There was no white man nearer than one hundred miles, but the villages of many Indian tribes were situated in the immediate vicinity. The winter was only half through; few natives came trading about the post and as time lay heavily on their hands, Black and his companion resolved to go hunting for a few days. A canoe was accordingly fitted out with a stock of provisions and ammunition, and with an Indian as steersman and pilot they proceeded to cruise about among the islands, now and then landing and stalking deer, or shooting the duck and wild geese which assemble in countless flocks by the mouths of the northwestern rivers in winter.—The season was mild, with but a thin coating of snow on the ground, so that each night they encamped in the open air, and slept well wrapped up in their blankets around the blazing log fire. Few old explorers in these countries ever think of carrying a tent with them, and our hunters were not possessed of one, even had they cared to avail themselves of its shelter. They had been cruising about in this manner for several days, when, as usual, they encamped one night on an island, with the canoe drawn up on the beach. Their provisions they built up around them to guard them from the attacks of any prowling Indians or other mishaps. Their Indian pilot had informed them that he was just about out of powder and bullets, at the same time begging to be supplied with some, exhibiting his pouch, which contained but two charges. The hunters were too tired to open their packages, and, notwithstanding his solicitations, they put him off until morning. They then, as usual, loaded their rifles, the Indian doing so also; and all three lay down to sleep, save one.

How long they slept Black could not say, but all that he remembered was being awoke by the report of a rifle. A low scream, and then a moan by his side, told him that all was over with his companion. The Indian's place was vacant, and before Black could become fully conscious of his situation, he was fired at from the dark, and a bullet struck his thigh. He attempted to rise, but was unable, his leg was fractured. Instantly he grasped his revolver, and had scarcely done so before he was conscious of a figure crouching towards him in the darkness.

He immediately fired, but the shot did not take effect, and his would-be murderer retreated behind some rocks. He now staunched the blood flowing from his wound as well as circumstances would permit, tying a handkerchief around it. All doubt was now at an end that the Indian guide, tempted by the property, had murdered his companion, and was only prevented by the want of ammunition from despatching him too. All night long—it seemed a year—he kept awake, too excited to sleep, though he was faint from loss of blood. Sometimes he would relapse into an uneasy sleep, from which he would be startled by the barking of his little dog, when he would grasp his revolver, only to see a figure again skulking into the darkness. Daylight at last came, and he had now time to contemplate his situation. Helpless, badly wounded, far from white men or even friendly Indians, he was alone, with an enemy watching every moment to destroy him, as he had done his companion, whose glassy eyes glared up at him. Provisions enough were lying around, but none were accessible as food, save the bag of sugar, and on this his chief chance of subsistence lay. He knew enough of science to know that Magendie's dogs when fed on sugar soon grew emaciated, but he also knew that it supported life for a time. Before night snow fell, and covered the dead body out of sight. Sometimes he would relapse into a half-waking sleep, when again the ever-faithful dog, who seemed almost conscious how matters stood, would warn him of the approach of his enemy. It was in vain that Black attempted to get a shot at him; and had it not been for the watchfulness of his dog friend, the wretch must soon have been able to dispatch him with his knife the guardian whose revolver intervened between him and the coveted property.—And so they kept their dreary vigils, and the snow fell heavily; and, though his leg pained him exceedingly, he managed to keep warm in his blanket-burrow. The Indian would sometimes disappear for hours, and even a day, apparently looking for food. The poor hunter would then imagine that he had got clear of his bloodthirsty enemy, when again the barking of Flora would warn her master. On one or two occasions the Indian managed to approach within a few feet of his intended victim before his presence was detected; and both murderer and hunter were equally intent on each other's destruction, escapes were rather narrow. Several days elapsed in this manner, until at last the Indian seemed to have grown tired, and left the island in the canoe, for they were no longer alarmed. The sugar bag was getting nearly exhausted, and the poor dog was now so weak with hunger, that, even when it did not absent itself searching for food on the shore, it was scarcely able to give an alarm. If Black survived hunger and his wound, which was now getting very painful, the Indian, he knew, would soon return and accomplish his purpose. With such thoughts his prospects were gloomy enough, and he dozed away the hours, half frozen and faint. It was the tenth night (he had long lost count of time, but found so afterwards) since the murderous attack, when he was awoke by a loud talking on the beach.

The moon, sailing over the leaden, snowy sky, enabled him to recognize the figures of several Indians hauling a canoe on to the beach. He grasped his revolver, determined to sell his life dearly, for he was now fully pursuaded that it must be his murderer returned with assistance.—It was strange, however, it struck him, that they had landed in such an exposed position. "Who are you?" he inquired, in the Chinook jargon, the trading language of the coast. A low, suppressed cry came from them. They were apparently unaware of the presence of any one but themselves. Again he shouted more cheerily when they approached, and he was delighted to recognize the familiar faces of several Bella-Coola Indians—old acquaintances of his. He told them his story, and as they listened, he uncovered the body of his murdered companion, they, every now and then, bursting into a cry of horror. Food was prepared and every attention paid to him. The dead body was buried, and Black conveyed to the Indian village, where he was carefully nursed until news reached the nearest white man's abode. The colonist hurried down, and happening to have been in earlier days an officer in the army, he knew a little about surgery. He dressed Black's wounds and conveyed him to the settlements, where he slowly recovered. But it was many months before he could walk without crutches, and to the end of his life he will bear the marks of that fearful experience of "putting through the winter" in the dark days of 186–. As we have a good deal (in novels) of the generous savage, I may as well say that my poor friend had to pay well for all the hospitality he received. The water he drank, the ground he lay on, the wood that warmed him, the food he ate, everything was charged for, but most cheerfully paid.

It is, however, a great pleasure to relate that after the bills were paid, the Indians threw in the execution of the murderer into the bargain. The avengers of blood found him in his lodge, comfortably waiting the death of Black by starvation or cold, either of which he no doubt thought would save him all the trouble. He seemed rather to exult when charged with shooting the white man; but the Bella-Coola warriors took a different view of matters, and, with a summary justice which would have done credit to a California vigilance committee, they shot him where he sat.

As for poor Black, I saw him dance at a Christmas party not very long ago, but a terrible limp which caused his partner to afterwards style him an "awkward sort of colonial fellow," told me another tale.

After Death.

"From the beautiful world," said the sinuous Greek, "I shall not utterly die, for beyond the power of Mars comes the edict of Hades. I shall enter some other body. Before the throne of a powerful necessity the thread of my life will be drawn and woven into some fresh existence. Not so deeply shall I quaff of the waters of Livion but that I shall remember the follies, the faults, and the delights of my former state!"

"Hush!" cries the Buddhist, "disturb not my self-envelopment. From the infinity of space I passed into the infinity of intelligence, then into the region of nothing and the idea of nothing. Now for the blessed Nirvana—total extinction."

"Burn plenty of din on my grave," says the Chinese, "and keep up my worship. Let the ancestral tables be kept unsoiled, that I may have due honor in the world of light, nor have my angry spirit torment you for your neglect."

"I go," said the Scandinavian, "red with the blood of battle, to the Valkyries who fill the hour in the Hall of Odin. Eternal conflicts, eternal wassail, until the Ragnarok, the gray twilight of the Gods, which will lead us to the All Father's abode."

"The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and Jacob," cries the Jew, "the sole Ruler of Heaven and earth, without beginning or end. Into his hands I render the breath of the life He gave. God's my God, what can I fear?"

"Behold, I am on the borders of the chill dark river," says the Protestant Christian. "I catch the gleam of the Eternal City, and the goodly company of the Blessed await me in shining garments. Not in my own works do I trust—naked of all but faith in the atonement, I come, O Lord, to Thee. Nay—I have no fear, for Him in whom I trust has trod the waters. *In te Domino speravi?*"

"Mea culpa," cries the Catholic, striking his breast, "let masses be said, and the prayers of the faithful be invoked for a soul in Purgatory. The good works I leave unfinished let prayer accomplish. Let my purification be brief, that I may enter into the eternal reward of those who have tried to serve the Lord."

"Allah!" cries the Mahometan; "there is but one God, and Mahomet is his Prophet! The two black angels can not keep the soul of the true believer from Al Tannat, its margins of camphor, its tree Tuba, and where the melodious voice of Israel mixes with the songs of the daughters of Paradise."

We listen to these diverse utterances, as diverse as the customs, habit of thought, or natural differences of the people who utter them. After death! Who sneers at it? Where is the skeptic so firmly entrenched in his indifferentism to articles of religious faith, who yet does not share the human passionate yearning, to plunge into its mysteries and bring back true tidings of the solemn unbroken silence!

"After death" is either a realm glorious beyond the speech of man, or an utterly starless night to which no morn cometh. Reason, tracing the dissolution of the earthly particle, is silent, or she argues from analogy only, and it brings but a partial conclusion. It, in return, points to Hope, and Hope, like its own rainbow, reflects the glittering coloring of other things.

But there is a voice which speaks and those who hear it receive unquestionably the Divine Evangel of promise. The faith in Revelation, the garnered words of those who did see the dead arise, is the Christian anchor in the tempest of doubt. This century, which can look back to the fulfillment of the darkest prophecies of the inspired Book, should not doubt the one episode of the Resurrection.

Time has either driven other creeds into dark corners where the sun of civilization can not penetrate, or utterly swept them from the earth. Christianity alone walks hand in hand with progress, the most faithful exponent of the heights humanity can attain in time, the one faithful prophet of what it can aspire to in the eternities.

One of Nick Biddle's Successes—A Reminiscence of the Old United States Bank.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

It was well settled that the war on the United States Bank, which permeated every political question about 1832, was a political movement. To give a mortal blow to the bank, the chief managers of the opposition determined upon a bold and daring stroke of policy. This was to break one of the branches of the bank if this were possible. A New York broker, whose name we will call Clark, was consulted as to the feasibility of the plan, and he pronounced it easy and sure of execution. It was therefore entrusted to him to carry out, and two hundred thousand dollars were given to him to put it into execution, with a guaranty of such further amount as he might require. Clark selected the Savannah branch, as the weakest and most remote from rescue. The business done by this branch was small, and its average of specie on hand was on a range from eight to twelve thousand. Allowed ample time, Clark gathered in the notes of this branch, gradually and from all convenient localities, where it could be done without exciting suspicion. In due time having secured an amount of notes sufficient to make his object assured, he started for Savannah. No one but himself was aware of what or the extent of what he had been doing.

The famous Nicholas Biddle, President of the great bank, was able and equal to his duties in the emergencies that surrounded the bank. Not long after Clark commenced gathering in the notes of the Savannah branch, the weekly returns of the branch banks to the mother bank, began to exhibit a decrease in the average receipts of the Savannah branch notes. This decrease continued weekly, and became so significant that Biddle took it up and studied it. Like a spider in its net the famous financier watched every part of the web. It was clear that something was going wrong in the direction of the Savannah branch. So he shipped two quietly, with a confidential letter to president on that subject.

In due time broker Clark reached the branch bank at Savannah—chuckling. When he announced that he had $73,000 of the notes of that bank, for which he demanded the specie; and when he refused to take sight drafts on New York or Philadelphia—nothing but the specie—the mystery was explained. But when the demanded specie began to roll out; when the astonished and astounded eyes of broker Clark beheld the rolling kegs, and the cashier called out, "Twenty thousand—thirty thousand—forty thousand"—and the kegs still came rolling out, he caved—asked for terms—and at last went off, loaded down with just as much specie as the bank wished to move to New York; with a rousing bill of costs and a lively flea in his ear.

Three Dead Indians.

THE FRESHET ON NEW HOPE—EIGHTEEN INDIAN GRAVES DISCOVERED.

New Hope is a little branch country folk would call a river. It gurgles and winds it way within five miles of Chapel Hill and ten miles of Hillsborough. The little stream has been on a big spree, had a big freshet, and played the deuce with the crops and the bridges, and beside has unearthed a bend of that country on which was once established an Indian town. After the water had fallen and gone into its banks there were discovered eighteen Indian graves all laid out in regular plattes three feet apart one way and five feet the other. Three of these graves were opened,

AND THREE DEAD INDIANS

were found sitting in their skelotons. Their knees drawn up to the stomach and their heads facing the east. They wore beads around the neck and shoulders that were kept in the soil perfect and are now in our charge to show to any one that desires to see. These Indians were wrapped in a matting made out of flag and platted together, a piece of which was found preserved in one of their graves and is now to be seen in our possession. There were six or seven different kinds of beads around their necks—some blue glass and others out of soap-stone or lime-stone.—There were also two pieces of potter ware with unexplainable hieroglyphics carved on them found in the graves, two pieces of small copper pipe, and another piece of small pipe made exactly in the shape and likeness of a little bugle. The skulls were the thickest for human beings that you ever saw and the bones were exceedingly large.

TRADITION.

John Patterson, the grandfather of Maj. W. N. Patterson of this county, came into possession of this bend of creek land in the year 1751. Indians were there then; and there was but one white man there then named Baker who lived in a little bend of the creek. Baker's land was the only land cut down and cleared up and to this day that bend is known as "Baker's Corner." There is still the hollow rock near Mann Patterson's old mill which extends a mile down the creek bank and there is a walkway underneath the rock. Pigeon holes are cut all about in this rock which tradition says the Indians used to hide their tobacco and sugar and coffee in. A traveler named Lawson speaks of this hollow rock in a history of his travels through that section nearly a century ago. He says it was a "one eyed tribe" of Indians who inhabited there; that he was detained there three days and in his explorings of the place an Indian guide carried him to this rock and as soon as they came in sight of the rock the Indian ran to it and spit on it, for what reason is unknown.

Not more than fifty steps opposite where these graves were found is a hanging rock that juts two-thirds over the creek, and under it is a hole of water very deep.—Maj. Patterson says that when he was a boy the old negroes said that the Indians used to cut somersaults from the hanging rock into the hole below—but, said the Major, we boys were always afraid to take the leap—it was too high. Major Patterson has kindly left in our charge all the relics we have mentioned where they can be examined by any who are curious.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

Guano on Fruit Trees.

The use of guano for fruit trees is said to combine another advantage which is of inestimable value to the fruit grower; this is the destruction of the pupæ of insects which lie buried in the earth and emerge from it during the warm weather of spring. The covering of these insects when they first come out of the ground is not hardened, and contact with a strong solution of guano destroys them. Several kinds of insects which were experimented on in order to test the value of guano in this particular, were instantly killed when brought into contact with even a weak solution of it. Salt and whale oil soap are apt to be injurious to vegetation, but by strewing guano around the trees and digging it in a few inches the trees will be benefited and injurious insects destroyed. As the pupæ of insects spend in the winter below the reach of frost, there is but little use in applying guano until they come near the surface of the soil, about the end of May or the beginning of June.

It is said that guano is admirably adapted as a manure for pear trees, causing a vigorous growth of wood and an abundance of fruit. When making experiments, the best Peruvian guano should be used, and if young trees are to be manured, a little guano dug into the surface around the tree will be advantageous. The best mode of applying guano to fruit trees is first to ascertain the position of the young [illegible] ground, then to place the guano to them and as much around them as possible without letting it come in contact with them.—*Southern Farmer.*

The Yankee's Bet.

'Recon I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day Squire," said a genuine specimen of the Yankee pedler, as he stood at the door of a merchant in St Louis.

"I recon you calculate about right, for you can't no way."

"Waal, I guess you needn't git huffy 'bout it. Now, here's a dozen ginooine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your straps, so you may as well be going along."

"Wall now, look here squire, I'll bet five dollars that if you make me an offer for them 'ere strops, we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," said the merchant, and he staked the money.

"Now" said he chaffingly, 'I'll give you sixpence for the strops.'

'They're yourn! said the Yankee, as he quietly pocketed the stakes. 'But' continued he, after a little reflection, and with a burst of frankness. I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want the strops, I'll trade back.'

The merchant looked brighter.

'You're not so bad a chap after all;' said he. 'Here are your strops—give me the money.

'There it is;' said the Yankee, as he took the strops and handed back the sixpence.

'A trade is a trade and a bet is a bet. Next time you trade with that 'ere sixpence, don't you buy razor strops."

A Regular Rogue.

Old Ben Hughes, who used to live near Halifax Court House, Va., and who has now been dead some few years, was a rogue after the natural kind. Ben served his time in the penitentiary and then at last he died like "any other man" at home in bed. Ben used to tell a right good thing on himself. He couldn't help stealing a thing to save his life; if he ever got near it and nobody was looking, it "went up." One night he was out 'possum hunting and got lost in the woods; he wandered about and at last came to his own spring (but he didn't know it) where was left a big iron pot his wife had been washing in. He stole his own pot and toted it off till he got in the big road for home and then he hid it off the side of the road in some bushes. The next washing day Ben's wife reported to him that some one had stolen her pot. Ben thought over the matter a bit and finally sneaked down to the woods and brought the pot back. He was a constitutional thief.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

Stamping a Deed.

Billy Blinker, a farmer of some means, who does not take the papers, nor read the laws, but who thinks his wisdom boundless, recently sold a pasture for three hundred dollars.

The purchaser, having counted out the money and looking at the deed said:

'Mr Blinker, you must put a fifty cent stamp on the deed to make it lawful."

'What! stamp a deed, it's all folly—there is no such law,' said Blinker, on his dignity.

His friend explained about the Excise law; but failed to make Billy see it, and was obliged to say,

'Well, it is, if you don't stamp the deed I shall not pay you the money.'

'If you are so d—d particular,' said Billy, 'I suppose I can stamp it fifty cents worth, though I hate to spoil the Squire's writing.'

The deed was handed him; he off with his coat, stepped back in the room, laid the deed on the floor and commenced stamping it with his foot very deliberately. The purchaser, the 'Squire,' and witnesses turned all colors, and finally laughed hysterically. Catching his breath one said,

'What are you doing Billy, are you crazy?'

'Doing why I'm stamping this d—d deed fifty cents worth,' and continued he resuming his work—'I calculate 'twill take me five hours reckoning the time at ten cents an hour.'

The reader can imagine another explosion of laughter about this time; but finally 'Billy' was made to 'see it,' and has a holy horror of stamps, as might be expected.

Husband—'If I were to lose you, I would never be such a fool as to marry again.' Wife—'If I were to lose you, I would marry again directly.' Husband—'My death would be regretted by at least one person.' Wife—'By Whom?' Husband—'My successor.'

STATE NEWS.

A couple of the cattle thieves who have been infesting the Cape Fear country, killing farmers' stock, were caught on Sunday last, with the meat of a newly killed heifer in their possession. Both are colored men; one is named Tom Lawrence, the other Red Boney. They are now in jail.

The recent damages by freshets in the eastern part of the State are estimated at over one million of dollars.

Rev. H. T. Hudson, Presiding Elder of the Statesville Methodist Episcopal Conference, was taken to the Insane Asylum, at Raleigh, last Saturday.

Mr. J. A. Allen, of Rockingham county, recently sold two two-horse loads of tobacco, 3,000 pounds, [illegible] with four hands.

A would-be suicide in New York, took his little boy with him to the river, undressed himself, wrapped his clothes in a bundle, send them home by the lad to his wife, then jumped overboard and drowned himself. That is about as cool a proceeding as one generally meets with in warm weather.

The Steamer Parana from London to New York, reached the latter port a few days ago. During the passage, a young Englishman, named Wm. A. Soffee, became insane on religious subjects, and committed suicide by jumping overboard, after having delivered one of the most eloquent and impressive sermons ever listened to by the Captain and passengers.—About a week afterwards, an aged French passenger named Etienne Stehelin, also became insane, and committed suicide the same way.

On the afternoon of the 9th inst., two white and one colored men were capsized in a boat opposite Wilmington, during a heavy swell, and the colored man, named Chas. Coburn, drowned. One of the whites swam ashore while the other, a very old man, clung to the upturned boat until rescued.

Geo. Applewhite, Stephen Lowery and Henderson Loftin, three of the Robeson county outlaws, made their escape from the jail in Wilmington on Sunday morning last. These men were implicated in the murder of Sheriff King of Robeson, some time ago. Applewhite and Lowery had been convicted, and had been sentenced to be hung in September next. They are all colored men, and it is evident they were assisted in their escape by accomplices from without.

Wm. E. Hill, a prominent and leading Republican of Duplin county has taken the stump against Hon. David Heaton, the Republican nominee for Congress in the 2nd District. Mr. Hill, although a Republican, is opposed to Gov. Holden's administration, and to those who support the Governor in his high-handed, unprecedented and expensive measures.

Major Sutherlin gave a grand entertainment at his farm, "Cloverdale," near Danville, on the 14th inst. A large number of gentlemen were invited to attend and witness the operation of his reaping machines and inspect his farming operations while they enjoyed his hospitality.

GENERAL NEWS.

Indian hostilities are imminent. The Ute Indians, who were heretofore on most friendly terms with the whites, threaten war, and can muster ten thousand warriors. They have suffered from swindling agents.

Twenty thousand dollars, in ten-dollar bills, were stolen from the office of Gen. Spinner, in the Treasury Department at Washington, on the 11th inst. The money was in two bundles, lying upon his table, and was stolen from under the nose of the person appointed to watch it. About one hundred clerks, male and female, were detained until late at night, and subjected to a thorough search, but the money was not found.

The General Conference of the Methodist Church, which recently sat at Memphis, passed a resolution recommending an amendment to the book of discipline, prohibiting the ministers from performing the marriage ceremony for any divorced party whose husband or wife is living.

Boswell, the radical post-master at Camden, S. C., has been removed from office because a defalcation of $2,000 was discovered in his accounts. Never, in the history of any country, has stealing been so universally followed as it has been in this country under radical rule.

An exchange defining old-fogyism, says it means "writing advertisements and sticking them up at the Court House and Post-Office." Sensible to the last.

Charles Dickens was interred in Westminster Abbey, among the dead whose memories England is proud to honor.

Latest advices from Rio Janeiro state that one half the crews of all the vessels in that port had died of yellow fever, and there are no prospect of an abatement of the plague.

'To enjoy a good reputation,' says Josh Billings, 'give publicly and steal privately.'

Many a mean man grumbles because it costs as much per day for ice for his whole family as a single drink for himself.

Man may live content in any situation.

Consult with feeling and act with vigor.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1870.

GEO. WALTER SITES, - - EDITOR.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

We will furnish the *Press*, during the Campaign, for 50 cents.

Any person procuring five new yearly subscribers, will be entitled to a sixth copy.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HON. WILLIAM M. SHIPP,
OF MECKLENBURG.

FOR CONGRESS,
HON. JAMES M. LEACH,
OF DAVIDSON.

Hon. Wm. M. Shipp.

Agreeably to our promise, we this week write upon our banner the name of Hon. Wm. M. Shipp, of Mecklenburg, as the people's candidate for Attorney General, in opposition to the representative of fraud, corruption, misrule and exorbitant taxation. It is unnecessary to add further encomium to what we have already said of Judge Shipp; his spotless reputation is his best recommendation to the honest voters of North Carolina. The following is the letter of the distinguished gentleman, in which he accepts the nomination tendered him by the State Executive Committee in the name of the Opposition party of this State. Let us go to work with a will and elect him, so that it may not be said of us:

"Virtue is fled to foreign lands,
And Vice is now their paramour!"

RALEIGH, June 16, 1870.

Hon. Thomas Bragg, Chairman, &c.

MY DEAR SIR: Your telegram and letter, announcing that I have been selected by the Executive Committee of the Conservative party, as a candidate for the office of Attorney General, was not received until several days after your meeting. This nomination was unsolicited and altogether unexpected on my part. Under the circumstances, I asked for a suspension of my answer for a few days. It is well known that I have never been an active politician; for several years my vocation has led my mind into different channels of thought. Private considerations likewise required deliberation in this matter. But upon consultation with my friends from different parts of the State, I think it my duty to accept the nomination. I cannot promise my friends a canvass for this office. I must rely, in a great measure, upon their efforts to sustain me in the position in which they have placed me. At a future time, and when I have more leisure, I will express my views fully upon the condition of the country. It is sufficient for the present, to say, that I endorse the sentiments expressed in the Address issued by the Conservative members of the last Legislature. Respectfully,

W. M. SHIPP.

"The issue is Peace or War. The triumph of the Kuklux Democracy ensures Civil War; the triumph of the Republican party ensures peace, law and order."—*Standard.*

There is no such issue before the people, and all men know it. The *Standard* and its backers are burning to wage war, if they had any excuse for it, but they have none that will bear investigation. The only war that threatens North Carolina is from the radical leaders, and as the people are tired of their fantastic tricks, they intend to hurl them from power in August. That is as certain as the sun rises and sets. As declared by the nominating Convention which met in Raleigh on last Saturday, the *great issue* between radicalism and its opponents in this State is, whether our State and county governments shall in the future be economically administered by honest, faithful and capable officers, or by those who have oppressed us with taxation, recklessly squandered the public money, ruined the credit of the State, destroyed our schools and swindled us as a people. It requires no prophet to declare upon which side of that question the masses will array themselves. The *Standard* may raise the false cry of "Kuklux," and shout till it is hoarse; it may call us Democrats when it is well known we have thousands of good men in our ranks who never were Democrats and never will be, but it can never wipe out the terrible hand-writing on the wall, or avert the fate which is destined to overtake the radical leaders in the next election.

Commissioner Delano is preparing a new set of regulations for the distillation of spirit from fruit, the amount of bond to be reduced and other relief to be afforded. This is evidently in view of the important elections which are to take place this summer and fall. The elections once over and the radical party confirmed in power, it will not be much trouble for Commissioner Delano to get back once again to the stringent regulations we now have, if such be the behest of the great Northern "whiskey rings." The safest way for us to do will be to overthrow the radical party, and put men in power who will legislate for the interests of the people instead of vast and opulent "rings." There is no faith whatever to be put in the continuance of this boasted modification of the tax on distillers, if we can judge by experience. No one can forget how badly the Revenue department fooled us all about two years ago in the same thing.

A Blow at Immigration.

The efforts of those of our people who are interested in inducing immigration to this State, have been rudely shocked, and, to some extent neutralized, by the shameful conduct of the Governor, Senators Pool and Abbott, and their newspaper parasites. Senator Pool, a man once honored by a large proportion of our people, led off in a set speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, in which facts were distorted to the vilest purposes, fabrications of the wildest and most improbable character announced as facts, and language ransacked to find terms sufficiently strong to vilify the very men who had once looked up to him as a man of truth and honor, and who had enthusiastically supported him for the highest position in their gift. This speech awakened the resentment of our own people from Currituck to Cherokee, as well as the indignation of the friends of peace and conciliation throughout the entire country; and we have now before us a Northern paper, which expresses its wonder that North Carolina could have produced a son so utterly lost to all feelings of State pride, and deaf to every dictate of natural affection, as to give utterance to the sentiments which fell from Senator Pool. It more than gratifies us that the radical journals have given publicity to this speech, as it cannot fail to drive all thinking men away from a party which by such means is endeavoring to maintain its precarious hold upon power, and in so doing, is paralysing the best interests of the State.

The speech of Pool was, as a matter of course, followed by editorials in the *Standard* and the smaller fry, winding up with proclamations and truculent demonstrations from the Governor, all to the effect that our people are a set of cut-throats and savages, and that life is not safe in our midst. One of the several objects aimed at in these demonstrations is to keep immigration away from our borders, for the men in power well know that intelligent immigrants would soon become identified with the interests of our people, and therefore naturally opposed to the policy which is ruining those interests. Were it not so well understood that the denunciations of the *Standard*, and the proclamations of the Governor are simply "sound and fury, signifying nothing" in themselves, intended only for political effect, and to give color to the organization of a standing army, in violation of our constitutional rights, for the purpose of carrying an election against the will of the people—were it not for these facts, perhaps immigration, so far as our State is concerned, might receive a fatal wound; for good, peaceable and thrifty men, who are the bulwarks of a prosperous community, do not care to settle in localities where they cannot enjoy their political rights without molestation, where they are kept in incessant turmoil, and taxed to death simply to gratify the personal ambition of political aspirants who are repudiated by the more healthy sentiment of the State.

We can declare in all sincerity, and would so declare were there but a second between us and eternity, that, despite the mischievous efforts of the Executive, despite the false statements of a subsidized and venal partisan press, there is no land under the sun where *bona fide* settlers from the North or elsewhere are more heartily welcomed and more hospitably treated than in our good, old State of North Carolina. It is true that we despise the political adventurer, who, unable to obtain preferment at home, comes amongst us, not to identify himself with us, and become "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," but to get office and pick from our bones what little flesh still clings to them; but for the *real* settler, be he a Republican, or a Conservative, or what he will, our hearts and our homes are open, and he is as safe in our midst as if he was surrounded by a million of bayonets.

Our readers should reflect carefully upon the disastrous tendency of the Governor's conduct. Some of them, determined hereafter to devote their attention to "close farming," desire to sell a portion of their lands; for purchasers, at fair prices, they must look to settlers from abroad, many of whom have been, of late, inspecting the lands in this State; but such men will not be hasty to invest their capital in a community which can be thrown topsy-turvy whenever it may suit the caprice or designs of an ambitious Governor and his unprincipled advisers.

A discussion took place at Graham, Alamance county, on the 14th inst. between our candidate for Congress, Gen. Leach, and Mr. S. F. Phillips, the radical candidate for Attorney General. The latter gentleman, notwithstanding he made one of his finest efforts, had a desperate cause to defend, and the odds, consequently, were against him. He was completely demolished by the General, who rode around him and over him, and wound up by impaling him upon *both* horns of the very uncomfortable dilemma in which he had placed himself. Mr. Phillips retired from the conflict considerably rumpled up, and it is evident he has no further stomach for a discussion with Gen. Leach.

Gov. Holden has called a Special Court for the county of Guilford on Monday, August 15th. Judge Tourgee will preside.

Radical Desperation.

The recent action of our State Executive in authorizing the enrollment of *volunteers* and the organization of a paid standing army, apart from the militia, in a time of profound peace and when there is not the shadow of a necessity for such a measure, is calculated to awaken the apprehensions of the friends of civil liberty not only in North Carolina, but everywhere beneath the broad folds of our banner. It will bring our own people, who are more immediately interested in this attempt to overawe them, to a vivid appreciation of the dangers amidst which they stand and which will inevitably become greater if not sternly checked. It will fortify them in their patriotic determination to hurl from power, as far as they legitimately can, a party which hypocritically invokes the interests of peace and order to justify measures which cannot be legally or constitutionally defended, and which would, if it dared, plunge the bayonets of its mercenaries into the breasts of an insulted, tax-ridden and indignant people, and involve the entire State in confusion to compass its nefarious ends.

That there is no necessity for this standing army is a proposition too evident for serious discussion. The laws of the State are respected and obeyed throughout our borders, and though there are, as there have been at all times, and in every State of the Union, isolated cases of crime and outrage, in no one instance have the legally constituted authorities been hampered in their efforts to bring the culprits to justice, but citizens of all political parties have vied with each other in denouncing these outrages, and in their endeavors to assist the officers of the law in the discharge of their functions.

The whole gist of the matter lies in the fact that the Governor and his friends find themselves in a precarious position. They know they have squandered the public property and the State finances; they know they have been the heart and soul of every scheme by which the people have been plundered; they know they have outraged every sentiment of public virtue ever cherished by an honest community; and they know that the people know it. They know, furthermore, that the masses, regardless of former politics, refuse to be longer misled to their own destruction, but that they have been aroused to such a pitch of indignation that a fair and unbiased election would result in giving the control of the Legislature to honest and trustworthy men, who would not hesitate to investigate, *in good faith*, the affairs of the past two years, and build up such a mountain of evidence against certain officials as would result in their serious discomfiture in more ways than one.

For these reasons, among others, the radical leaders intend to stifle the popular voice if they can do so. It is to this end that outrages are manufactured out of whole cloth, and flaunted in the eyes of the world as evidence of North Carolina's disloyalty. It is for this purpose that the Governor declares war upon his people, and marshals his military forces in advance of the election.

And while the Governor is thus proceeding in his wicked and unconstitutional measures, while his organ in Raleigh is breathing out blood and gunpowder with every breath, we do not wonder, although we deprecate and deplore it, that some of our more impulsive brethren catch the spirit of Patrick Henry and raise their voices in a tone of pregnant warning. We say we deprecate and deplore this spirit, because it is calculated to precipitate the catastrophe that all good men desire to avoid. Over every such exhibition of resentment, the Governor gloats with delight because it adds to his excuses for repressive measures. We trust there will be no more of it. Threats should not be met with threats; they only make matters worse. But let them be met with prompt and decided action at the ballot-box in August next, and let the Executive see that his empty vaporings cannot deter the people, whom he has ruined, from asserting their rights and their independence. Until that time we urge calmness and moderation; forbearance among ourselves and a wide charity for those who have been misled by designing men, and who honestly differ with us. This is the plainest, easiest, and surest path to a glorious triumph and a lasting peace.

The opponents of radicalism in Guilford county held a Convention in Greensboro on the 11th inst., and made the following nominations for Legislative and county officers:

Senate, J. A. Gilmer; *Commons*, S. C. Rankin, Jonathan Harris; *Sheriff*, R. M. Stafford; *Register*, W. U. Steiner; *Coroner*, W. B. Bogart; *Surveyor*, W. M. Wiley; *Treasurer*, Wyatt W. Ragsdale; *Commissioners*, Dr. R. K. Denny, Jas. Stewart, Emsley Armfield, L. C. Winchester, R. F. Sechrist.

A series of resolutions were adopted eminently conservative and patriotic, calling for prompt, earnest and united effort on the part of all good citizens, without distinction of party or color, to arrest the good old State in her downward course to ruin.

Judge Shipp.

The nomination of Judge Shipp for the Attorney Generalship in opposition to Hon. S. F. Phillips, the Republican nominee, will make the friends of the latter gentleman feel somewhat downcast. Even were the two candidates equal in every other respect, which we do not for a moment admit, the fact that Mr. Phillips played the coquette in politics until the very moment a nomination was tendered him, will not only deprive him of the support of the Conservatives, but drive from him the votes of all honest Republicans. He ought to have remembered the old song:

"'Tis well to be merry and wise;
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new."

The two colored cadets recently appointed to West Point, the one Michael Howard by Representative Pierce of Mississippi, the other John W. Smith, by Representative Hoge, of South Carolina, have both been rejected by the Military Examining Board attached to the Academy. Howard was rejected on the score of ignorance, he never having had but a year's schooling in his life! Smith was cast because he had weak lungs and sore eyes! Those Congressmen will have to try again, and hunt up somebody that can fill the bill in every respect, else the colored people will begin to see through the humbug that their radical friends are playing off on them. We will warrant that a colored youth will have to possess the strength of an Achilles, the grace of an Antinous, and the erudition of an Archimedes before he will be enabled to pass the Argus eyes of that West Point Examining Board.

Gen. Clingman, if not a literary man, is evidently a man of letters. He is out in another characteristic epistle, addressed to the editor of the *Herald*, and copied into the Raleigh *Standard* as a labor of love, protesting that he has not gone over to the radical or Republican party. The conduct of the General speaks louder than his words. If, as he says, he has not gone over to the radical party, then he is more of an Iscariot than we thought him, for he clings to the Opposition in order to betray them. The *Standard* is very anxious that the anti-radical press should take up the General and coddle him well; but that paper can nurse its own sick men.

The radicals of this State, from Raleigh to the sea-shore, have such an unconquerable predilection for nominating political adventurers from abroad for position, that it will be incumbent on Mr. Phillips, if he ever comes up this way to "norate," to put himself right before the people. The majority in this part of the country, of all parties, has no particular fondness for these adventurous strangers, and so the radical aspirant for the Attorney Generalship must invariably commence his speeches with: "Fell-o-o-ow citizens, I was bo-o-orn in North Carolina—I was *always* bo-o-orn in North Carolina!" If that don't fetch tears from the eyes of our friends and make their hearts feel good towards him, nothing will.

How comes it that but one of the four colored delegates appointed by the Forsyth office-holders, to the Greensboro' Convention on Monday last, attended that body? We learn that of these delegates, only one, George Campbell, was present in the meeting, or caucus, when appointed; and it was understood that if they attended the convention they would have to pay their own expenses, or collect money from their own color for that purpose. Being poor men, of course they had no money to waste on the business. We think the gentlemen who hold all the lucrative offices in the county, and who are using the colored man to keep them in office, ought to have paid the expenses of these delegates; and probably they would have done so, had they been sincere in appointing them, and in their expressed desire to have them go to Greensboro. The colored men, very properly, begin to suspect there is considerable humbug lying around loose within the precincts of their party.

Lopez, the late President of Paraguay, after gallantly defending his country for five long years against the combined fleets and armies of Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine Confederation, was, about a month ago, surprised by the Brazilians, and slain on the spot. The enemies of the dead President are now engaged in the congenial task of blackening his memory, as if, by doing so, they could blind the world to the infamous story of their own conduct. They must have been taking lessons *somewhere*. This way of befouling the name and fame of a gallant and dead foe was unknown to the rough but chivalrous soldiers of old days, and belongs entirely to the more advanced civilization of the past decade.

Do not lose sight of the fact that in order to carry our State elections in the interest of the radical leaders, the military are being organized on a war footing, at a vast expense to the State, and that every dollar of the money thus wickedly squandered will have to come out of the pockets of the tax-payers. They will feel it pinch after a while.

Look at this Exhibit.

That our tax-ridden people may see how their money has been squandered, the State debt increased, the State credit destroyed, and the general interests of the entire community prostrated by the radical party during the two years it has been in power, we have only to refer them to the startling exhibit made by the Raleigh *Sentinel*. It is taken from the record, where it is all down in black and white, and the radical leaders may wriggle themselves into convulsions in their efforts to escape the truth or break its force, but they will be pinned fast to the facts. Let every man look at this exhibit, study it over carefully, and then ask himself how long this state of things should be permitted to continue. Let him ask himself if it is not his duty as well as his interest to speak, and to work and to vote, and to urge his neighbors to speak, work and vote against the men who would defend such a system of reckless prodigality, or if they do not defend it, are, at least, in the same boat with its authors.

Our State debt in January 1st, 1868, was $15,238,070. On January 1st, 1870, after two years of radical misrule, it was $31,161,235; an increase of $15,927,165, which is as much again as the original debt!

Our State bonds were sold in New York on January 1st, 1868, at 53 for old, and 51 for new. On January 1st, 1870, they brought only 42 for old, and 28 for new! "What a falling off was there, my countrymen!"

The salaries of the officers and clerks of the Executive Department for the year 1867, during the administration of Gov. Worth, amounted to about $16,950. For the year 1869, during Gov. Holden's administration they were about $34,400; an increase of $17,450!!

The salaries of our Judicial officers during the year 1867 amounted to $33,660. During the year 1869, they were, including the pay of the good for nothing Code Commission, $60,399; an increase of $26,739!!

The expenses of the Legislature for 1865 and 1866, amounted to about $235,000. The expenses of the radical Legislature in 1868-9, amounted to about $450,000, an increase of $215,000, or nearly a quarter of a million of dollars!!

We want the people to ponder upon these things. They are undeniable *facts*, and the more closely they are investigated, the worse they appear.

The country was taken by surprise a few days since by the announcement of the withdrawal from the cabinet of Gen. Grant of Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar, Attorney General of the United States. His resignation was sent to the President on the 15th inst., and promptly accepted on the same day. Speculation is rife as to the causes of this resignation, and it is claimed by some who are desirous of preserving the appearance of absolute harmony among the leaders of the Republican party, to have no political significance. The course of the Attorney General, however, has been in some respects not quite so popular with his political friends as he or they might have desired; and it is evident that there has been for some time a want of unanimity in the cabinet on leading questions of foreign policy, and especially in regard to Cuba.

To fill the vacancy thus occasioned, the President has nominated Mr. Amos T. Akerman, now U. S. District Attorney for the State of Georgia. Mr. Akerman is a native of New Hampshire, has been a resident of Georgia for some years, and is considered an excellent lawyer. He has always been a friend of the Federal Union, and made his first appearance in political life in the late Constitutional Convention of his adopted State.

The New York *Times*, whenever it finds its Republican friends acting in a way calculated to injure their party, is apt to talk to them in a very refreshing style. Just now it is particular in its attentions to Congressmen Banks and Logan, "than whom none higher" sit in the radical councils, and tells them they have considerable "demagogism" and "buffoonery" in their composition. If that had come from an anti-radical paper it would have been a base slander, but as it is the voice of a Republican oracle, we must, perforce, accept it as a solemn truth.

It is the duty of the Opposition in every county to be thoroughly organized for the August election. The work should be done in the townships, and if well done, the county will come out all right. Never trouble your heads about what is going on in other counties, or how things look in the District, or what the chances are in the State. Let every friend of reform look after his own neighborhood, and get *that* right; the rest will all come right as a natural consequence.

Mr. Henry L. Shore, of this place, has received and accepted the appointment of a Lieutenant in the 3d Regiment of N. C. State Troops, now being organized. His pay is $114 per month.

W. L. Scott was nominated on Monday last, by the Radical Convention at Greensboro, as a candidate for Congress in this District.

The Wrong Jonah Overboard.

The Republicans in this Congressional District have at last tossed overboard the Hon. Israel G. Lash. The consistent Union record and the faithful party services of this distinguished gentleman ought to have received more flattering consideration at the hands of his friends. But the political seas looked squally, the winds blew from the wrong quarter, the Republican ship was in jeopardy in the opinion of its crew, and a victim was wanted. In our opinion they have sacrificed the wrong Jonah, and they will find it out before many weeks.

We cannot precisely see with what countenance a party can claim to be the *only* Union party, which chokes off its strongest Union man. We have never objected for the Opposition any such exclusiveness, but we do claim that it is as strongly devoted to the Union of our fathers as the Republican party. We have thousands of men in our ranks who never raised their voices, nor struck a single blow against the Union. The Republican party has in its ranks thousands who did both. Therefore it has no advantage over us, whatever, on the score of Unionism. We will not say that all the old war men who have joined the Republican party are unprincipled, for that would not be true; but we will say that many of the most rabid secessionists have gone over to that side, less for principle than for office, and when they see the Republican party kicking such men as Israel G. Lash out of the holy places of the Republican tabernacle, it fills them with more than ordinary satisfaction.

Our colored friends in this county are gradually getting their eye-teeth cut, and becoming restive under the management of the leaders who have hauled him hither and thither up to this time. They are beginning to find out that they are expected to furnish a considerable portion of the oil with which the party machinery is greased, and they get none of the profit. At a recent meeting in Winston, we are informed they were called upon as usual for contributions to help along the cause,—to pay the expenses of colored delegates to the Greensboro Convention—but the contribution business is about played out. Many of them have concluded that if they cannot attend a meeting called by their party without being solicited to plank down some of their hard earnings to pay for the privilege of being a radical, they had better stay away altogether. We think so too, and would say to the colored man that he already pays a heavy price every year for belonging to the radical party in the shape of taxes, fees, and dear [illegible] and this price will get heavier and heavier every year the radical leaders remain in power.

The *Standard* howls for harmony in the ranks of its party, and is so impressive on the subject that any one, previously unaware of the fact, can now see with his eyes shut that there is no harmony there. We know there is no love lost just now between His Excellency, the Governor, and that wing of his party known as the "carpet-baggers," mainly because the former, for reasons best known to himself, declined to assist the latter in robbing the State of its Railroad property. Our readers will recollect the "dead set" that was made at the North Carolina Central Road. However, we opine that the seething elements will be kept under until after the election; *then* look out for the tornado.

It is stated that W. J. Clarke left Newbern for Washington a few days ago to procure arms, uniforms, &c., &c., for the troops which the Governor is raising to carry the elections in this State. Can it be possible that Gen. Grant is in this conspiracy to choke off the will of the people? We cannot believe it. Will not the press of the great North speak out in thunder tones in defence of free elections, and show the people there how the radical leaders are attempting to dig the grave of liberty?

Mr. Thos. M. Argo of Orange, member of the late Legislature, has announced himself as a Conservative candidate for re-election, in opposition to the regular nominee. Mr. Argo knows very well that his course can have but one termination, and that is disaster to himself and his party. If he persists in being a disorganizer, he will tarnish the laurels he gained during the past session, and forfeit the confidence of those of his friends who have esteemed him most. It is hoped that he will reconsider his action.

Hon. W. M. Shipp, our candidate for Attorney General is a brother of Rev. A. M. Shipp, of the Methodist Church, formerly Professor of History at Chapel Hill, and now President of Wofford College, South Carolina.

The New York *Times*, a Republican journal, gets completely out of patience with Congress, and calls it "the National wind-bag." We only wish it was nothing else, for in that event we folks down South might all be better off, even if we did get a few foul blasts occasionally.

Masonic Celebration to-day. Speaking in public square in the afternoon and at night.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

LOCAL AND STATE ITEMS.

Tobacco men will be interested to learn that a very ingenious species of fraud has recently been detected in Tennessee tobacco manufactures, and that the Revenue Department has put its officers throughout the country upon their guard. It is committed in the following manner: The manufacturer purchases of the Collector such tobacco stamps as he desires, and, before using, pastes them securely upon thin muslin cloth, then places them on packages of tobacco, and sells the same to any customer he can find, but the manufacturer or his agent always retains the stamp, and takes it back to the factory and uses it on a new package of tobacco. The stamps can be used in this manner as many times as the manufacturer pleases. The stamps are genuine, and appear all right, but can readily be detected by taking a knife and raising one corner of the stamp sufficiently to see the back of it.—In the Seventh District of Tennessee, one large factory, with ten thousand pounds of tobacco, has been seized, and the proprietor and his agent arrested. In the possession of the agent were found $400 worth of this kind of stamps, with muslin on the back of each stamp, and the agent confessed to using them in the manner described above. Though he had formerly been in the habit of taking the heads out of the packages, since the Commissioner of Internal Revenue prescribed that stamps should be placed on the corner of and set into the box, these chaps have worked it in this extremely sharp way.

On Monday night last, while Robinson's circus and menagerie was at High Point, there was a grand row among some of the animals. The brown bear belonging to the concern, broke down the partition which separated him from the white deer, and immediately prepared himself for a venison supper. Above the apartment in which the deer was confined was a cage of monkeys, who, frightened beyond measure, set up a terrible squalling and chattering, which at once drew the attendants and a number of citizens to the locality. The deer was found badly clawed about the head and flanks, and the bear was proceeding still further in his commissary operations, when the attendants assailed him with poles and drove him back to his own quarters. He made some wicked dabs at his tormentors, but was soon properly secured, and the partition fixed so that he could not well disturb it again.

Assistant Assessor Lemly, has kindly furnished us with a number of the *Internal Revenue Record*, from which we learn that by a recent decision of Commissioner Delano, the special tax on prize packages of candy, etc., is to be assessed only on the manufacturer or putter-up of said packages, neither the jobber, the retail dealer or any other person are required to pay it. So those who have stocks of "bon tons" and such like on hand, can let them slide with a clear conscience.

We were glad to meet upon our streets last week, our old friend and companion, Capt. David Barrow, who is now here on a business visit from New York. Capt. Julius Vogler is also here, and expects to remain several months. Both gentlemen are looking well, and their numerous friends will be pleased to know that they are prospering.

The post-office at Lewisville in this county has been re-established, with John W. G. Binkley as post-master; also the post-office at Panther Creek, Yadkin county, Benj. F. Jones, post-master; also, that at Young's Mills, Guilford county, T. M. Woodburn, post-master.

When Moses got through plaguing Pharoah with his flies, we think he ought to have had consideration enough for the rest of mankind to have abolished them. The posterity of those very same flies are making themselves annoyingly familiar about Salem just [illegible]

Mr. John P. Vest, the census-taker for this county, has been for a couple of weeks past busily engaged in his duties. He expects to make a thorough over-hauling of the county, and keep all his information to himself.

A dog belonging to Mr. Jack Holder in Winston, went mad a few days ago, and was killed. The animal tried to leap through the window into a room where a number of ladies were sitting.

J. L. Fulkerson—Fruit Preserving Powders.

The whipping of Andrew Ramseur, in Catawba county, some two weeks since, is now believed to be a made up case, intended for party purposes. Several citizens were arrested upon the affidavit of Ramseur, but upon examination, were discharged, it being evident they had nothing whatever to do with the case. It is thought that Ramseur was lightly whipped by members of his own party, in order to get up a howl about the "Ku Klux," thus aiding the Governor in his efforts to let loose his militia upon our people.

The Wilson *Plaindealer* is informed that Hon. W. H. Battle is about to publish a work of leading cases decided in the Supreme Court of North Carolina.

The trial of Gen. Bennett, formerly connected with the Internal Revenue service in this State, is now going on before the U. S. Circuit Court, in Raleigh. The District Attorney, Starbuck, is assisted by Judge Merriman, and the defence is conducted by Gov. Bragg, Fowle and Badger. The examination thus far has developed a rich mine of fraud and corruption.

A kerosene lamp exploded in the house of Mr. John Dilliard, at Rocky Mount, on Saturday night last burning a Mrs. Willerford and his wife very badly. It also set fire to a blanket which was rolled up; Mr. Dilliard seized the blanket and threw it out of the window, when to his horror, he found that his infant child, only a few hours old, was wrapped up in it. The child died in a short time from its injuries.

During choir practice at the colored church in Washington, N. C., on Friday night last, two of the brethren engaged in a fight about the right to occupy a certain pew. The sexton, in endeavoring to restore harmony, had his head severely punched.

A man named Peter Gautier, living in Sampson county, was shot and killed on the 11th inst., by his son William, a lad of ten years. Gautier was intoxicated and abusing his wife at the time, having thrown her upon the ground and tried to cut her throat. The lad shot his father in order to protect his mother.

The colored man who committed an outrage on a little girl in Alamance county some three months ago, was convicted on the 16th inst., and sentenced to be hung. He made a full confession of the crime.

Ex-Gov Vance delighted the Raleighites with a splendid speech Saturday last, in which he showed them by facts and figures, how the public funds have been squandered during the past two years. There was an immense crowd, and the speaker was enthusiastically applauded.

M. S. Littlefield passed through Weldon last week, on his way to Washington city. He stopped at the hotel there, and, during the absence of the proprietor, conducted a strapping colored wench to the breakfast table with him. Littlefield has managed to get hold of several millions of Florida State Bonds, from the Radical legislature, and the newspapers of the State are warning capitalists not to purchase them, else they will come to grief.

James H. Watters, who is said to be, or to have been, a regularly commissioned detective in the employ of the radical city government of Wilmington, has been arrested on the charge of assisting in the escape of Stephen Lowry, Geo. Applewhite and Henderson Oxendine, the murderers, who recently broke from the Wilmington jail. The evidence against him is quite strong.

The notorious Col. Kirk is now in Raleigh, and it is currently reported that he has offered his services to Gov. Holden, to take command of one of the volunteer regiments now being raised.

The Governor has respited Calvin Henderson, of Lincoln county, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hung on the 8th of July, to Friday, July 29.

The prisoners confined in Halifax county jail attempted to break out on Saturday night week, but were frustrated. We expect to hear of numerous jail deliveries between now and the election.

Michael Wall, of Surry county, is 75 years old, was never out of the county, never went to the court house, never attended preaching, and is now living on the place where he was born, some ten miles from Mount Airy.

Mr. Daniel McDuffie, brick-mason of Fayetteville, was badly shot near Averasboro last week. No particulars given.

A gentleman named Harriss killed a wolf in Person county, a couple of weeks ago, that was fifty-five inches in height.

A colored man in Milton, named Bowers, has a child living, of good size, that is deaf, dumb, blind and unable to walk a step.

Francis Rollins, a deserter from Fort Macon, was arrested in Newbern on last Monday.

A colored man and mule were drowned while crossing McRee's creek, near Charlotte, on Saturday evening last.

GENERAL NEWS.

DOMESTIC.

The South Carolina Reform Convention met in Columbia on the 15th inst. Every county had nine representatives, white and colored. Resolutions were adopted recognizing the amendments to the State and Federal Constitution as fundamental law and accomplished fact. R. B. Carpenter, a Kentuckian and Republican, formerly a Colonel in the Federal army, was Butler, formerly of the Confederate army, was nominated for Lieutenant Governor. This latter nomination was insisted upon by the colored delegates, and was unanimous. The proceedings of the convention were harmonious and enthusiastic.

The Indian delegation, with the great chief Red Cloud at their head, have at length departed for their homes. Before they left they were taken to New York, and Red Cloud delivered an eloquent speech in the Cooper Institute on the 16th inst., to an immense assemblage. A number of other speeches were made, all in the interests of peace.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, died in Baltimore on the 16th inst., aged 65 years. His mother-in-law Mrs. Williams, also died on the same day and in the same place.

The Indian Chiefs, Red Shirt, one of Red Cloud's warriors threatened to commit suicide in Washington city, on last Saturday week, being convinced that his unhappy people had been hopelessly swindled and ruined by the government.—"Lo! the poor Indian!"

The revenue of the federal government for the fiscal year ending June 30th, will be $410,000,000. Before the Radical party came into power this revenue would have paid the government expenses for half a dozen years, plenty to spare.

Last Friday afternoon, about five o'clock the Mechanics' Bank of Louisville, Kentucky, was entered by two men, who walked up to the cashier Mr. Pope, thrust a handkerchief saturated with chloroform into his face, threw a shawl over his head, dragged him into a back room and locked him in. They then robbed the bank of $60,000 in money and decamped. In their haste they left some $12,000 in national bank notes scattered all over the floor. It was a bold robbery.

A terrible affair happened at Middletown Missouri, on the 12th of last month. A circus band, while riding into that village on top of the cage of lions, they were precipitated among the infuriated beasts by the horses becoming frightened and dashing the van against a large stone. Three of the band were killed and half devoured, and four others terribly lacerated.

Fifty-eight cadets were graduated at West Point Military Academy on the 15th inst. The exercises incident to the occasion were very interesting, winding up with a speech from the Secretary of War, a grand ball, and a gorgeous display of fireworks.

A colored man was instantly killed on Friday night last in Philadelphia, for striking the wife of the janitor of the National Guards' Hall. Lucky it did not happen in poor, old North Carolina.

William Taylor, colored, was executed at Fredericksburg, Va., on Friday last, for the murder of Willie Jett on the 26th of March. The victim was beaten over the head with a gun until he was in a dying condition. Then dragged into a store house, the store house robbed, then fired, and the dying man burned alive.

A horse-thief calling himself Cook, was nabbed at Chester, S. C., on the 10th inst., with a stolen horse in his possession belonging to Mr. Harvey, of Virginia, and run off to South Carolina for sale. Cook is now in jail.

In Philadelphia the primary Republican elections have been quite stormy, indicating a split in the party. In some instances chairs and chandeliers were broken, and contestants driven from the stands.

Geo. S. Bromley, formerly U. S. Deputy Marshall for Tennessee, was arrested in New York City on the 15th inst., charged with dealing in counterfeit money. $3,000 of the bogus stuff was found on his person.

Nearly fifty guests at the principal hotel in Los Angeles, California, were poisoned recently, and three employees of the hotel have been arrested on suspicion.

Col. John Baxter, formerly of Western North Carolina, was shot and severely wounded some days since in Knoxville Tenn., in a street affray with Gen. Mabry.

CONGRESSIONAL.

The President has favored Congress with a message, declaring it would be impolitic at present to recognize the Cuban rebels as belligerents. The message excited no little indignation in the House, as well among the Republicans as the Conservatives, but it effectually choked off the aims of the more rabid Cuban sympathizers.

On and after the fourth day of March 1871, the House of Representatives at Washington is to consist of three hundred members. The Superintendent of the Census is to present his report to the Secretary of the Interior before the 20th day of September next, and upon this report the appointment is to be made. North Carolina will probably be entitled to an additional member under this new apportionment, who will be voted for by the State at large, sometime during the fall or winter.

Gen. B. F. Butler has at last managed to get the investigators after him. The House has adopted a resolution instructing the Military Committee to investigate Butler's administration of the Soldiers and Sailors National Asylums throughout the country. This is considered as the beginning of hostilities in Congress between Farnsworth, one of the leaders of the moderate Republicans, and Butler who is looked upon as a leader of the more radical wing of the party. Let 'em fight.

The House Reconstruction Committee reported a bill on Tuesday, for full, general grace and amnesty and oblivion of certain acts, doings and omissions connected with the late war between the States. It excludes persons educated at West Point or Annapolis, members of Congress before the war, heads of Executive Departments, Judges of Federal Courts or Foreign Ministers before the war, signers of the ordinances of secession, Governors of States during the war, persons who cruelly treated Federal prisoners, persons who held Federal moneys and property at the beginning of the war and have not made [illegible] deserters from the Federal army or navy.

Congress on the 16th passed a resolution authorizing the President to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba has been conducted, and, if he shall deem it expedient, to solicit the co-operation of other Governments in such measures as he may deem necessary to secure from both contending parties an observance of the laws of war recognized by all civilized nations. The resolution was passed by 102 yeas to 88 nays. All the Democrats, together with a few Republicans, voted nay. Messrs. Lash and Cobb, Republicans from North Carolina, voted with the Democrats.

The New Hampshire Legislature has re-elected Hon. Aaron H. Cragin, and the Rhode Island Legislature has re-elected Hon. H. B. Anthony, both to the U. S. Senate for six years from March 4, 1871. They are Republicans.

The Senate has passed the bill establishing another Department of the government—that of Justice. It now goes to the President.

Hon. David Heaton, from the 2d District of N. C., is dangerously sick in Washington city.

A bill was introduced into the House on Monday last, by Mr. Munger, Conservative of Ohio, repealing all laws and resolutions regarding spirit motors.

A Conservative caucus of fifty members of the House and Senate was recently held to agree upon a national policy. A paper is in course of preparation urging the friends of the South not to nominate persons for Congress who cannot take the iron clad oath unless their disabilities have been removed.

Mr. Poland, republican, of Vermont, introduced a resolution into the House on Monday last, authorizing the President to open negotiations for the annexation to the United States of British America. Gen Butler introduced a bill for the annexation of the island of San Domingo.

Whittemore presented his credentials to the House on Saturday last, and after some debate, they were referred to a Committee. Logan of Illinois, was very severe upon the illustrious cadetship trader, and said the House would disgrace itself by receiving him.

On Tuesday last, Logan offered a resolution in the House, declining to allow Whittemore to be sworn, and directing his credentials to be returned to him. After some debate the resolution was adopted by 131 yeas to 24 nays. Thus Whittemore is again defeated.

It is confidently reported that Hon. Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, will shortly retire from office.

FOREIGN.

A violent earthquake visited the State of Oaxaca, in Mexico, in the early part of this month. A large number of buildings were destroyed, one hundred and three persons killed and fifty-three wounded.

Late despatches from Rome leave no doubt of the final adoption of the infallibility dogma.

The Government of Costa Rica has been overthrown by a sudden revolutionary movement, and Bruno Carraza declared President. The conflict was brief and decisive, five officers being killed.

The Secretary of the Supreme Court of New Granada has been found guilty of forging government bonds. Must have been taking lessons "somewhere."

It is feared that the course of Canada towards the people of Winnepeg will involve the whole North Western territory in war. Rielle, the insurgent President, is raising troops to fight those sent against him by the Canadian authorities, and he is being joined by all the turbulent desperadoes of the frontier.

MAGAZINE NOTICES.

Gody for July is ahead of all its compeers as usual, and is mantling with Summer beauty.—To the ladies it is an exhaustless *repertoire* of all that is useful, novel and bizarre in their especial realm; and it has become, in fact, the prime minister of American womanhood. Its laws are the laws of the sex; let all bow down and obey. L. A. Gody, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.

The XIX Century for June has been upon our table for some days. A Southern magazine exclusively, devoted to the development of Southern literature, it, of course, has many cultivated contributors, and a host of friends who prefer home products to those from abroad. Address XIX Century Publication Co., Charleston, S. C., $3.50 per annum.

Hearth and Home for this week contains the initial sketch of a series to be contributed to that sterling weekly by the inimitable Petroleum V. Nasby. Nasby is one of the immortals in the pantheon of fun. His non-political sketches reel under the broadest humor the best and safest of moral lessons; Pettingill, Bates & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, $4 per year in advance.

The American Stock Journal for June contains the usual variety of valuable information written expressly for its pages by the best and most practical stock-raisers in the country. If our farmers would pay more attention to the breeding and raising of improved stock, they would soon find a corresponding improvement in their farm affairs. Address N. P. Boyer & Co., Publishers, Parkersburg, Pa., $1 per year.

The Southern Planter and Farmer for June comes to us full of the most instructive matter relating to the farming interests of the country. There is not an article in its entire table of contents that does not contain valuable hints for the agriculturist. Chas. B. Williams, Richmond, Va. $2 per year in advance.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine for July is as entertaining as usual, and its table of contents does not detract from the reputation it has earned in the higher walks of literature. Address G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York, $4 per annum.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature is rich in its selections for July, and gives the cream of British periodicals. The present number is embellished with a handsome engraving representing the youth of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. E. R. Pelton, 108, Fulton St., New York, $5 per year.

The Atlantic Monthly for July opens with a new poem by Longfellow, which is followed by a variety of interesting sketches, among which we find one from Harriet Beecher Stowe, which is nothing more than an old revolutionary story which we read years ago, revamped for the occasion. Address, Fields, Osgood & Co, Boston, $4 per year.

Demorest's Young America is a fair specimen of a popular juvenile monthly. Its stories, sketches, anecdotes, correspondence, poetry, music, puzzles and illustrations, afford an unfailing fund of amusement to the young readers. Address W. Jennings Demorest, 838 Broadway, New York, $1.50 per year.

Demorest's Monthly Magazine for July has an elegant display of the summer fashions, with over sixty illustrations and two steel engravings, together with entertaining literary matter, popular music and other beautiful features. Address Demorest's monthly, 838 Broadway, N. Y., $3 per annum.

Our Boys and Girls, Oliver Optic's Magazine, is especially devoted to the entertainment and instruction of Young America. The June number is overflowing with stories, sketches and chit-chat, all of which are especially adapted to the end in view. Address Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., $2.50 per year.

THE MARKETS.

Salem, N. C., June 24, 1870.

Bacon, 16 @ 18; Beeswax, 25 @ 30; Butter, 20; Corn, $1 10 @ $1 15; Flour, $3 50 per 100 lbs., retail; Eggs, 12½; Dried Cherries, pitted, 15; Lard 20 @ 25; Wheat, $1 25.

Danville Tobacco Market.

June 22, 1870.

Lugs—Common, 6 to 8, Good, 8 to 10, Fine, 10 to 15, Extra Smoking, 15 to 40.

Leaf—Common, 8 to 10, Good, 10 to 15, Fine, 15 to 20. Yellow Wrappers, 20 to 100.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

New York, June 22.—Gold 12½; Penn. ex coupons 63¾, new 64½; Va. ex coupons 68, new 68½; La. old 77, new 72; Ala. 8s 1 01, 5s 73; Ga. 6s 89, 7s 95; N. C. old 48½, new 27; S. C. old 92, new 82½.

PETERSBURG MARKET.

Petersburg, Va., June 22.—Bacon, hog round 17 to 18. Flour $7 00 to $8 00. Wheat $1 25 to $1 30. Lard 18 to 20.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE AMERICAN

FRUIT PRESERVING POWDER,

Will effectually prevent Fermentation and subsequent decay, in all kinds of *Fruits, Tomatoes, Vegetables, Pickles*, &c., and preserve them in good and wholesome condition, without the trouble or expense of air-tighting the jars or cans. They admit of keeping the fruit, &c., in large glass, earthen, or stoneware vessels, and of using or removing therefrom from time to time as wanted, without fermentation being occasioned by weeks of full exposure to the air.

This is a different preparation from "Sears' Solution," and will not affect the taste of the fruit, if used according to the directions.

One package will preserve sixty-four (64) pounds of fruit. Price $1. Full and explicit directions for using accompany each package; and although the directions with package are full and elaborate, they are simply explained as follows: Prepare the fruit in the same manner as for any of the usual modes of preserving; and add an ounce of the Preserving Powder to each eight pounds of fruit; cook until done enough for immediate use; then remove into any kind of jars, and cork with an ordinary cork, or tie cloth or paper over the top, when the work is done, and the fruit safe for one or two years.

J. L. FULKERSON,
Sole Agent.

Salem, N. C., June 24, 1870. 3m.

Having used the Powders last season with perfect success, I can fully endorse it. Please see "American Agriculturist," page 207, June 1870. J. A. LINEBACK.

AGENTS WANTED—($10 PER DAY) by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 24-tf.

$10 A DAY—Business enterely new and honorable. Liberal inducements. Descriptive circulars free. Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. 24-tf.

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Price $25. It makes the "Lock Stitch," (alike on both sides) and is the only licensed under-feed Shuttle Machine sold for less than $60. Licensed by Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker and Singer & Co. All other under-feed Shuttle Machines sold for less than $60 are infringements, and the seller and user liable to prosecution. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. 24-tf.

WANTED AGENTS—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is *licensed*, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch" and is warranted for 5 years. Price $15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for $15 or less are infringements. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburg, Pa., or Boston, Mass. 24-tf.

TOWN LOTS FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER holds for sale, at fixed prices, *Eighteen Building Lots* in the town of Salem, and *Eleven* in Winston; all of which are situated between Church Street and the North-Western North Carolina Rail Road, and between the Cemetery and Winston 3d Street.

Application for the purchase of said lots will be received by the undersigned until the evening of June 30th, 1870.

Applicants for said lots will appear at the Commissioner's Hall, in Salem, on Friday, July 1st, 1870, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when the result of the application will be made known.

Should there be but one applicant for a lot, he takes the lot at the price mentioned, upon complying with the conditions. When there are several applicants for the same lot, it is to be put up for sale on July 1, at 1 o'clock, P. M., at the Commissioner's Hall. The bidding is however to be restricted to such persons as have made previous application for that particular lot within the time specified above.

Purchasers are expected to pay *Cash* within ten days. For further information apply to

S. THOS. PFOHL, *Warden of Salem.*
Salem, N. C., June 17, 1870.—23-3t.

FOR SALE,

A FINE BAY HORSE, well broken and trained, and a very fast traveller.

Also a light EXPRESS WAGON, entirely new. R. A. WOMMACK, Agent.

WILLIAM H. HALL,
GROCER AND CONFECTIONER,
SALEM, N. C.,

At the old stand of James Hall, has now on hand a complete stock of

Cakes, Candies and Confectionery

of all kinds manufactured by himself, together with a fine stock of Family Groceries, carefully selected to suit his trade.

Fresh Candies 20 cents per pound, when taken in lots of 100 pounds and upwards; less quantity 22½ cents.

Cash paid for Corn, Wheat, Flour, Meal, Bacon, Lard, &c., &c.

June 3, 1870. 21-3m.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE, the only practical Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Price $25. Will knit 20,000 stitches per minute. Address AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo. 16-3m.

MUERLBACH'S HIS. NOVELS

Should be read by all.

Forsale at the BOOK-STORE

PATTERSON & CO'S COLUMN.

R. L. PATTERSON. R. W. FRIES.

LOW PRICES!

GOLD AT $112!!

SPRING STOCK OF

1870!

PATTERSON & CO.,

Beg leave to call the attention of the public to the very large and attractive Stock of Goods which they have just received from the Northern cities, and to invite an examination of the same.

Their Stock Consists in Part of

PRINTS, IN GREAT VARIETY,
DELAINES, SMALL AND LARGE DESIGNS, LAWNS, IN BEAUTIFUL ASSORTMENTS,
GRENADINES
MOHAIRS, GINGHAMS, CHAMBRAY, SCOTCH, &c., ALPACAS, BLACK and COLORED,
SWISS MUSLINS, JACONETS,
NAINSOOKS,
MULLED MUSLIN,
SOFT FINISHED CAMBRICS,
BRILLIANTS,
BLEACHED and BROWN MUSLINS,
TABLE LINENS, BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED,
CASSIMERES, A GOOD ASSORTMENT, COTTONADES, LINENS,
ALPACA and LINEN COATS.

NOTIONS.

A full Stock, and very attractive, including Thompson's famous

"Glove Fitting Corset,"

And Lilly's Beautiful SKIRT,—Just Introduced.

EDGINGS, INSERTINGS.

A FINE LINE OF

Ladies' Serge Gaiters and Leather Boots.

Gents, Boots & Shoes,

PEGGED WORK

OF ALL KINDS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

UMBRELLAS AND PARASOLS.

A Full Line of Men's and Boy's

Wool, Fur and Straw Hats.

SOAPS AND PERFUMERY,
DRUGS, DYE-STUFFS,
PAINTS AND OILS.

GROCERIES.

☞ Prices reduced, and sold by the PACKAGE cheaper than the same article can be bought in this section.

HARDWARE.

The largest assortment in the country.

HOLLOW WARE.

The lightest and prettiest Ware ever introduced into this market.

IRON

OF ALL KINDS.

Horse Shoes and Horse Shoe Nails.

Leather, Wooden Ware, &c.

No amount of pains spared to show Goods and to please our Customers.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., April, 22, 1870.

The following acrostical paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer was written upwards of half a century ago by Thomas Sturtevant, a soldier of the 26th Regiment of United States Infantry, when a prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada. It is, in every sense, a literary curiosity.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Lord and King, who reigns enthroned on high
Father of Light! mysterious Deity?
Who art the Great I Am—the last, the first;
Art righteous, holy, merciful and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King.
Hallowed Thy name, which doth all names transcend,
Be thou adored, our Great Almighty Friend,
Thy glory shines beyond Creation's space,
Named in the Book of Justice and of Grace.
Thy Kingdom towers beyond the starry skies;
Kingdoms satanic fall, but thine shall rise.
Come, Let Thine Empire, O Thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting Will be done!
Will God make known his Will. His power display
Be it the work of mortals to obey;
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love;
On Calvary's Cross He died, but reigns above;
Earth bears the record in Thy Holy Word,
As Heaven adores Thy name, let Earth, O Lord;
It shines transcendent in the eternal skies,
Is praised in Heaven, for man the Saviour dies.
In songs immortal let us laud his name,
Heaven shouts with joy, and saints his love proclaim.
Give us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us that food on which our souls must live!
This be our boon to-day and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home;
Our needy souls supply from day to day.
Daily assist and aid us while we pray,
Bread though, we ask, yet Lord, thy blessings lend,
And make us grateful when Thy gifts descend.
Forgive our sins which in destructions place,
Us the vile children of a rebel race.
Our follies, faults and tresspasses forgive—
Debts which we ne'er can pay, nor Thou receive;
As we, O Lord, our neighbor's faults o'erlook,
We beg Thou would'st blot ours from thy book.
Forgive our enemies, extend our grace
Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
Debtors to Thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above.
Lead us from sin and in thy mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
Not in our own, but in his name who bled.
Into Thine ear we pour our every need:
Temptation's fatal charms help us to shun,
But may we conquer through thy Conquering Son,
Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy;
From all calamities which men betide,
Evil and death, O turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms and cleave to clay,
Thine 'tis to rule and mortals to obey.
Is not thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but Thee;
Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall,
The King eternal reigns the King of all.
Power is with Thee—to Thee be glory given.
And be Thy name adored by earth and Heaven;
The praise of saints and angels is Thine own.
Glory to Thee, the Everlasting One,
Forever be Thy holy name adored,
Amen! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Slander is the revenge of a coward; dissimulation, his revenge.

"Years bring wisdom." Not always; they sometimes bring old age.

The foundry for casting shadows is located in the sun.

A powder-magazine may be found in every lady's toilet-set.

A gentleman is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage.

The man who wants a sweet home ought to live over a confectionary shop.

If you want to cure deafness in a man, begin to whisper to him about a "splendid chance" to make his fortune.

Any fool can get a woman to talk, but it takes a very clever man to get her to listen. So thinks Mrs. Flatterbug.

The Spaniards have a saying: "At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior; at twenty, to her equal; at thirty, to anybody who will have her."

More law suits than love suits are brought on by attachments.

"Pride gooth before a fall"—yes, a *waterfall*.

Flirtation is defined by a wag as the "preliminary canter to love making."

NEW STORE!

I take pleasure in informing my friends and the public generally, that I have opened at the old stand of

BONER & CRIST,

a well selected stock of

DRY GOODS,

CONSISTING OF

LADIES' FINE DRESS GOODS

MERINOES, PLAIDS,

ALPACAS, MOHAIRS, AND CALICOES,

OF THE LATEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLES,

ALSO,

Notions and Fancy Goods,

WHITE GOODS, IRISH LINEN, &c.,

A large and varied assortment of

BOOTS AND SHOES

Can be found at my Establishment.

Farmers and Mechanics will find in my Stock of

HARDWARE,

everything they may desire, and at prices that will compare favorably with any in the market.

In a word, purchasers will find my stock to consist of everything usually kept in a first-class retail house, all of which has been bought with special care, and on the most favorable terms, thereby enabling me to sell

CHEAP FOR CASH OR BARTER.

☞ Country produce of all kinds wanted

R. A. WOMMACK,
AGENT.

Salem, Jan. 14th, 1870. 1s–tf.

No. 1 White Lead!

A lot of the celebrated pure

NASSAU WHITE LEAD

At ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

HOW TO MAKE THE FARM PAY

By C. W. DICKERMAN, Hon. CHARLES L. FLINT, and other Practical Writers.

Nearly 800 pages on fine CALENDERED PAPER made expressly for this work, from new, clear and open type, and is illustrated with 140 FINE ENGRAVINGS by Sartain and others. Also, a splendid colored fruit-piece, containing eighteen specimens of the choicest American fruits, colored, from life.

In English and German.

THIS BOOK is a sure, safe and practical guide to every Farmer, Stock Raiser, Gardner and Fruit Culturist. By it they can double their profits each year, and greatly increase the value of their land. It makes the poor man rich. It makes hard work easier. It rewards the labor of honest working men, and is purchased by almost every one at sight. Nearly 600 copies sold in a few small townships, and, in many cases, hundreds in a single township. Agents can find no better work during the winter. Farmers and their sons can each make $100 per month by selling only three or four copies per day, while more than double that number can easily be sold. Farmers always make our most successful agents for this book. If you wish to engage in the business, send for circular containing a full description of the book and terms to agents.

Address
ZEIGLER, McCURDY & Co.,
16 S. Sixth St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
Whichever Office is nearest to you } 139 Race St., Cincinnati, Ohio.
69 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
502 N. Sixth St., St. Louis, Mo.
102 Main St., Springfield, Mass.

April 22.

LORILLARD'S "EUREKA" SMOKING TOBACCO is an excellent article of granulated Virginia; wherever introduced it is universally admired. It is put up in handsome muslin bags, in which orders for Meerschaum pipes are daily packed

LORILLARD'S YACHT CLUB SMOKING TOBACCO classed by all who consume it as the "finest of all;" it is made of the choicest leaf grown; it is anti-nervous in its effects, as the Nicotine has been extracted; it leaves no disagreeable taste after smoking; it is very mild, light in color and weight, hence one pound will last as long as 3 of ordinary tobacco. In this brand we also pack orders every day for first quality Meerschaum Pipes. Try it and convince yourselves it is all it claims to be, "THE FINEST OF ALL."

LORILLARD'S CENTURY CHEWING TOBACCO This brand of Fine Cut Chewing Tobacco has no equal or superior anywhere. It is without doubt the best chewing tobacco in the country.

LORILLARD'S SNUFFS have now been in general use in the United States over 110 years, and still acknowledged to be "the best" wherever used.

If your storekeeper does not have these articles for sale, ask him to get them; they are sold by respectable jobbers almost everywhere.

Circular of prices forwarded on application.

P. LORILLARD & Co., New York.

TO THE WORKING CLASS.—We are now prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time or for the spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to $5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls can earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address and test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied, we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, a valuable sample, which will do to commence work on, and a copy of *The People's Literary Companion*, one of the largest and best family newspapers published, sent free by mail. Reader, if you want permanent profitable work, address E. C. ALLEN & Co
Augusta, Maine.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $18. Fully warranted for five years. We will pay $1000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $200 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.; BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.

CAUTION.—Beware of all Agents selling Machines under the same name as ours, unless they can show a Certificate of agency signed by us. We shall not hold ourselves responsible for worthless Machines sold by other parties, and shall prosecute all parties either selling or using Machines under this name to the full extent of the law, unless such Machines were obtained from us or our Agents. Do not be imposed upon by parties who copy our advertisement and circulars and offer worthless Machines at a less price. 16–3m.

GIFT BOOKS.

DEVOTIONAL BOOKS.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS for the Lord's Household. Intended for the Family Circle or closet.

GREEN PASTURES; or Daily Food for the Lord's Flock

STILL WATERS; or Refreshment for the Savior's Flock at Eventide.

"ABOVE RUBIES," or Memorials of Christian Gentlewomen. By Miss Brightwell, author of "Annals of Industry and Genius."

Hannah Moore's Private Devotions.

Heaven our Home.

The Changed Cross, and other Poems.

Spurgeon's Gems. Morning by Morning.

Jay's Family Prayers.

Macduff's Family Prayers, (Presbyterian.)

POCKET BIBLES, with and without clasps.

Basket of Flowers.

Forget Me Not. Parting Gift.

Bogatzky's Golden Treasury.

Biblical Antiquities.

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The treacherous pimple—the torturing sore?
The repulsive eruption—the inflamed eye?
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DIRECTOR-GENERAL

OF THE

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